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"I wish you would tell me the story of Yin-dee."

**"They're a Multitoooc"
and Other Stories**

COMPILED BY
THE SECRETARY
OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S
FORWARD MOVEMENT
FOR MISSIONS

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The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church
The Young People's Forward Movement for Missions
F. C. STEPHENSON, Secretary

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"They're a Multitooode"

"We ain't expected to do only our part."

Christopher Morton, Jr., was looking through the morning mail in the office when there came a knock at the door. He glanced at the clock and frowned. It was too early for visitors by five minutes, and this vigilant young man of business was very careful of his minutes.

While he hesitated, the door opened without ceremony and admitted a gaunt, unfashionable figure, hollow-chested and sallow-faced.

"Hello, Christy, old chap!" cried the intruder, stretching out a hearty hand and feeling apparently no doubt of a welcome. "How are you?"

For an instant the other looked at him vaguely, the crease still showing in his forehead. Then his eyes lit.

"Why, Jim Perry, is it you!" he shouted, getting around the table with a bound.

"Part of me," said Jim, sinking into a chair. He panted a little, but he smiled yet.

Christy looked him over discontentedly.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he asked.

"Caught a fever," explained Jim, with a nod. "The missionaries sent me home. I might better have stuck it out there, but I had no breath to argue with them, so they packed me off. I am to go back in September."

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"I have always believed in foreign missions," said Christy, "but when they took you out of the country I found it hard to keep my faith. And now—" he stopped abruptly.

"It was a mighty good day for me when I went," said Jim Perry. "I have got a good deal out of living these past three years."

There was no mistaking the ring in his voice.

"You have snug quarters here," said Perry. "They tell me that you are a prosperous man of affairs."

"I am getting on," said Christy, modestly, "I have some turn, I think, for making money."

"We out in China," said Jim, with a chuckle, "haven't any; it is the last thing we can do. Our strong point is spending. We claim that nobody on earth can surpass us in that. We will invest for you if you like. By the way—" He plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a flat strip of cardboard which he proceeded to fit together into a money box.

"There!" he said, setting it up gravely on the corner of the mantelpiece. "You will kindly contribute."

"What is it?" asked Christy, regarding the small object distrustfully, very much as if it were a dynamite bomb.

"We are trying," explained Jim, "to raise a special Christmas offering for missions. Along with the rest of her Christmas giving, the church is asked to give to those who have never learned what Christmas is."

There was a slight pause.

"Could anything," Jim asked, "be more acceptable to Him in whose name our festival is kept?"

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"The original meaning of Christmas has been overlaid in a good many minds," commented Christy, briefly.

"To their loss," said Jim, "and to the bitter loss of many besides."

He rose from his seat and began to pace back and forth over Christy's thick carpet. But he was weak; he soon came back to his old place.

"I have walked," he said musingly, "the swarming streets of heathen cities, I have gone into heathen homes, I have stood face to face with weary, heavy-laden, heathen souls, and I have been taught what Darkness is. But then, thank God, I have time and again seen the Star of Bethlehem break in the black sky and stand still over some place where the Christ was born, and I know, yes, I know, the brightness of its rising!"

There was another silence.

Again Jim was the first to speak. "No doubt," he said, "you give a number of Christmas presents."

"I don't think of them in September," said Christy.

"That is fortunate," responded Jim, tranquilly. "It will give you more leisure to think of this betimes."

He looked at his watch and said that he must go.

They walked together to the corner where he took the car, and then Christy hurried back to his work.

"That man will never go to China next September," he muttered to himself, as he rang up the elevator. "It will be another Celestial Kingdom for which he will start, unless the signs are wrong."

For the rest of the morning, Mr. Morton was not so

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undivided in his attention to business as was customary with him. Many times his mind wandered to the face that was like, and so unlike, the face of his old college mate. It was aged. It was lined. It was tired.

"But you could trust it," Christy concluded, "to the uttermost."

"Jim Perry," he said, facing at last the crucial idea which he had sought to evade, "has got much out of life. What am I getting?"

The roar of the city came in at the open windows. Christy did not hear.

"If I should die to-night—that is too trite a supposition. If I should have softening of the brain to-night, or advancing paralysis, what satisfaction would there be to which I could hold fast, as I sat with my face to the wall while life passed me by?"

The breeze fluttered the papers on his desk.

"If my plans stopped now, nothing would be left from the failure. They need the future in order to amount to anything. If Jim Perry never gets back to China, why"—he leaned his head on his hand and thought came slowly—"he has lived for an object and attained it as he went along."

Christy was still thinking of the look in Jim's eyes and the sound of his voice when footfalls along the corridor foretold an interruption.

Several men followed on the heels of one another. When they were all gone, Christy's mind had largely recovered its ordinary temper.

"Jim Perry is an awfully decent chap; it was upsetting to see him looking so done. If he had stayed

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in this country, three-quarters of a lifetime of work would probably be before him. One can't help remembering it. But—I can accept the logic of missions."

He took the little cardboard box from the drawer into which he had thrust it and read every Scripture verse on all its sides.

"Yes, the arguments are strong. I don't pretend to gainsay foreign missions. But yet it can't be denied that thousands of the holiest of saints have lived their lives out within the limits of Christendom and found more than their hands could do with their might. However, that sort of incompatibility between the two sides of a truth is the commonest thing in the world. It does not shake the claim of the missionaries."

"I wonder," he meditated, "how much genuine missionary spirit there is in the church of to-day. I don't mean among the specialists, the experts, like Jim (and me)"—Christy had the grace to laugh a little—"but in the rank and file."

He lifted the contribution box and regarded it with a new expression. By-and-bye he smiled broadly.

"It will be an interesting experiment," said Christy. "Let us try it."

He put the box up again on the mantelpiece, where Jim had first set it, clearing a space about it that it might stand unshadowed in a small rim of black marble.

Another hour of the afternoon passed as many other hours had done. Christy had returned to his habit of absorption in what was in hand.

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An old woman, rich and "crotchety," had been talking business with him for the last fifteen minutes.

"The old dame is as keen as a weasel," thought Christy, as he listened with bowed head, deferentially. "Not many men could fool her on a deal. She is honest herself, and she doesn't mean to be cheated. The most of her time is given to padlocking and double-barring her money chest."

Finally she came to a pause. She pointed across the room.

"You have something new there. What is it?"

"A collection box," answered Christy, accepting his cue, promptly. "A college classmate of mine, a missionary to China, left it. The missionaries are calling for a special offering at Christmas."

The old lady heard him out patiently. When he had finished, she began to speak of further precautions and provisos that had occurred to her as to her affairs. Then she arose stiffly to go.

At the mantelpiece she stopped, took a bill from her full purse and slipped it into the narrow opening of the missionary box. She had given the first contribution to Jim's heathen.

"Of her abundance," quoth Christy, as he shut the door behind her.

Miss Craig, his stenographer, was moving at the other end of the office. She shut up her typewriter; it was the hour for her to leave.

A little time before Christy had felt a sensation in regard to Miss Craig. He did not often do this, which was one of his chief virtues.

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But, just now, in the midst of his discourse on foreign missions, he had been arrested for an instant by meeting the straight, intent gaze of the young woman who always, unless directly addressed, kept her discreet eyes upon her work.

Miss Craig put on her hat and gathered up her handkerchief and purse.

"May I trouble you to post these, Miss Craig?" said Christy, giving her a handful of letters. "Thank you. Good afternoon."

She laid the letters down on the mantelpiece while she opened her purse, which was shapely but thin. Out of it she took a dollar bill, leaving some silver, and put it in the money box.

Christy had started up to expostulate. He sat down to recover.

"She was as calm and matter-of-course about it," he gasped, "as if it were only natural for poor working girls to help evangelize China out of their slim wages."

During the next two or three days much notice was taken of the missionary box.

The notice was diverse in kind. The curiosity of some was quickly satisfied. Some stared politely. Others openly scoffed.

One fashionable club man put in a penny.

"To see how it feels," he said.

"The shock can't be very great," observed Christy, "even to so new a subject as yourself."

"But you know," said the club man with a grin,

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"it comes on top of finding you running the machine. My nerves are all gone."

A clergyman who coughed gave liberally.

"If I could have guessed that he was coming," said Christy, with chagrin. "I would have covered the thing up. Some men can no more pass a collection basket than a drunkard can a corner saloon. But they are few."

A hard-headed merchant furtively dropped in a gold piece.

"I got it in change," he apologized, when he met Christy's gaze. "It is as well to make some special use of it before I pay it out for a quarter."

A circuit judge lifted the box in his hand and read the verses as Christy had done. When he set it down again he stood before it in silence while Christy looked up, wondering, and did not disturb him.

At last the judge aroused himself. He made a large donation.

"My daughter was interested in all these things," he said. Christy remembered then the young girl who had died the year before.

In one way and another, Jim Perry's missionary box grew heavy. Then it was full.

Christy took it apart, put the money in a pigeon-hole in his desk and set it back into place. He did not allow himself to comment.

On the same afternoon, Chippy Black, the errand boy, was waiting in the office for a note. Chippy was a new boy; Christy did not feel sure of him. Lifting



"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall
be to all people."

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his head now to give directions, Chippy was caught in the act of "hefting" the missionary box.

"Ah," said Christy to himself, with vexed enlightenment. Hunting office boys was a bore.

"Why, this is empty!" said Chippy, facing round on him and holding out the box. "Did you send it off?"

"No," answered Christy, uncertainly. "It was full. I took the money out."

"I see," said Chippy. There was relief in his voice and in the clever, dark, little face.

He plunged his hand into his jacket and brought out a small newspaper parcel tied with twine.

"I promised Lin to bring it to you," he said. "It would have been too bad if I'd been too late."

"What is it?" asked Christy, receiving the packet with no show of distrust in its dinginess. And he was fastidious. "Who is Lin?"

"It's money. See, my sister," answered Chippy. "She wants it to go with the rest."

Christy pushed a chair towards him. "Sit down," he said. "Tell me all about it. Take your time."

Chippy crossed his knickerbockered legs, and by tilting forward a little managed to keep one toe on the carpet.

"There's two of us boys home," he began. "And there's Lin. My brother Bob and me are like lots of other fellows. But Lin is extry. I'd call her quite extry myself. She's like—well, she's like Lin. That's all I can say."

"I have seen one or two such persons," said Christy.

"One Sunday night one of those foreign preachers

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was talking about the heathen. If it hadn't been for Lin," said Chippy, "we'd have forgotten all about them inside of a week. But Lin was bound that something had got to be done. 'There's so many of them, Lin,' says Miss Loretta Pease. (Miss Loretta lives on the next floor to us; she's educated.) 'They're a multitooode,' she says. 'You can't never reach 'em.' 'Not all of them at once,' says Lin to her. 'Not just us alone by ourselves. We ain't expected to do only our part.'"

"Miss Lin is sagacious," said Christy.

"'It isn't any more than right for us to do our part,' she told Miss Loretta. 'And for one I won't back out of it.' Nor, you may be sure, she wouldn't. Lin is the sort that wouldn't."

"An uncommonly good sort," said Christy.

"You are like that, too, ain't you!" said Chippy, looking over at him kindly.

"Miss Loretta came round all right after Lin had worked over her a while. She ain't obstinate. She's genteel. So Lin fixed it up that we was all to chip in together and make up a purse for the heathen. So we did it. And there it is."

He nodded proudly toward the newspaper parcel.

"You must have worked hard," said Christy.

"It's savings, mostly. I mean our part of it is, Lin's and my brother's and mine. Lin got off the neighbors, too, you know; it's all there together."

"You saved yours?" questioned Christy.

"Yes, sir. Lin is grand on saving. She scatters it. She don't bunch it all on one thing till it appears as

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nothing else but just that was worth eating. First it's sugar, and then it's sausage, and then it's something different again. And sometimes it ain't anything at all. You don't hardly miss it that way."

Chippy slipped still farther forward on his seat and felt for his cap. He glanced at Christy's unfolded note.

Christy got out an envelope and dipped his pen in the ink. Then he let it rest over the edge of the desk, where it dried.

He picked up the roll of money.

"You must have been collecting this for some time."

"All summer," said Chippy. "There's a good deal of it. Lin and Miss Loretta had just begun to talk about where they would carry it when you first began to take up money here. I told them about it and I told them that, so long as this was where I worked, I thought you'd ought to get it. So after a bit they decided on that."

Chippy plainly felt that the bestowal of Lin's patronage was no light thing.

Christy agreed with him.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he said heartily. "This will help me along splendidly. Let's put it in at once."

He pulled at the twine string, which was tied in a very secure knot, and laid open the hoard.

It was made up of all the original pennies and nickels; there was also one dime among them. The sum total was \$2.11.

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Christy handed Chippy a nickel and held one himself. He brought the missionary box.

"Now, drop yours in," he directed. "Then I will drop mine. We'll take turn about."

Chippy was eager. His interest grew with every rattling coin until the last was safely inside. Then he straightened himself with a long breath.

"Lin said she was going to do it, and she's done it," he said.

"And she doesn't know how much she has done," said Christy, soberly.

"That's so," answered Chippy, with quick perception. "That's the best of it, I suppose. The best of everything, Lin says, is what the Lord can make out of it. Anything will go twice as far with Him, she says. You talk a great deal like her."

Christy lifted the box.

"It's about full," he said. "It's just about ready to empty again. But there is a little space yet. We will leave it. I shall be glad to see what gift will be put in on top of this."

The weeks passed. Several times over the missionary box was emptied into the pigeon-hole. On a foggy December afternoon a Mr. Richards was alone with Christy in the office. He had brought the young man a windfall of \$1,000.

"It is by happy strokes like these," said Mr. Richards, "that a man grows rich."

Many such strokes of various kinds had come in the way of Mr. Richards during a long life.

"I have built up my own fortunes," he continued,

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"from the stub. From what I see of you, Mr. Morton, I predict you success."

He regarded Christy with a glint of favor in his iron-gray face as he added in climax, "You are very much like I was at your age. You are like myself."

Christy was rather silent. When he was left alone he thought of Jim Perry. He often thought of Jim now. His late visitor and his classmate stood side by side before his mind.

"There is wealth and wealth," he mused. "Mr. Richards has one kind, Jim has another. I am not so awfully pleased," he thought resentfully, "with my likeness to Richards. I don't fancy being a cash register. All the man's fortunes are in money."

Christy looked down at the cheque in his hands; he looked at Jim's box.

"I said the real Christmas was forgotten. I said that all the missionary spirit of the present resided in the missionaries and me. I doubt whether Mr. Richards at my age was such a fool. Poor Richards! He is old. I shall have a good part of my life yet, I trust."

He wrote on the back of the cheque and folded it small.

"Richards, and Jim, and Lin, and the others have spoiled my taste a little for happy strokes, however innocently come by. The mission shall enjoy this one."

He pushed the cheque through the slit in the money box, which was getting frayed and worn.

Christy met Mr. Richards on the street soon afterwards.

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"I hope," said Mr. Richards, "that you have found a good investment for your money."

"I have," said Christy.

"Is it reasonably sure?"

"Perfectly."

"Nothing in this world can be perfectly sure, Mr. Morton."

"But there is another world," said Christy.

"It may be," he said.

As the man of millions passed on, Christy heard a faint sigh. Three days later the office door burst open and in walked Jim Perry, broad and brown.

Christy stared at him speechlessly.

"I'm well again," announced Jim, superfluously.

Christy shook him by the hand, clapped him on the shoulder and thumped him on the chest.

"Providence knows how to give to missions!" he said.

Jim turned to the mantelpiece and shook his money box. It was empty. He was openly disappointed.

"You lazy beggar," he cried. "Are you leaving all the giving to Providence?"

"I am not a lazy beggar," said Christy. "I am a very industrious one. Look at this."

He put the contents of the pigeon-hole in front of Jim and watched him fall upon them, and enjoyed tremendously his blank delight.

"Why," stammered Jim, "what does it mean? Is it all for us?"

"It means," said Christy, "that a week from to-day will be Christmas."—*Y. P. M. M.*

The Penny Ye Meant to Gi'e

There's a funny old tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, though he might have been
worse;

Who went to church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was but dim with the candles' light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas be
So like unto pennies in shape and size,
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring;
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man,
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! How the sexton smiled to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate;
Ha, ha! How the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

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"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me,
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;
"The Lord is no cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell."

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the puir;
But in that account He'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor
In the honest words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

Rue's Heathen

The long line of blue check aprons followed the other line of small blue jackets through the wide hall, up the bare, polished stairs, and into the clean, airy chapel. Then, at a signal, every apron and jacket was still. Little Rue's apron had been about midway in the procession, and so she found a seat near the middle of the chapel, where, swinging the small feet that could not quite touch the floor, she looked listlessly out through the window opposite, over a beautiful view of grove and meadow, and then up at the white ceiling, where a great fly buzzed at his pleasure, without having to walk in line.

On the platform a man in fine broadcloth and gold spectacles was beginning to talk; but Rue only listened dreamily.

"My dear children, I am delighted to visit this grand institution—to see so many of you in this beautiful home, so well cared for, so well instructed, and so happy."

Rue wondered why all the men who talked there said that. She wondered if he really would like to eat and sleep and walk in a row and always wear a blue check apron. Then she forgot all about him, in watching the sunlight play on the small head immediately in front of her. What a brilliant red head it was! And then a bright thought occurred to Rue. A few of those

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hairs, twisted together, would make a beautiful chain for the neck of her china doll, her one treasure; and, of course, Mary Jane Sullivan would never miss them, if she only pulled out one here and there.

Forward crept Rue's eager little fingers; but they were too nervous in their haste to be sure that they held but a single coarse hair before they twitched, and the result was a sudden explosive "Ow!" from Mary Jane, the turning of a battery of eyes in that direction, and an immediate investigation by the authorities into the cause of the disturbance. Poor little Rue was marched off in disgrace; but, as she reached the door, she heard the speaker say:—

"I am sorry this has happened; sorry that any one should miss what I am going to say; for I hoped to interest all these dear children in the work of sending the gospel to the heathen."

It was kind of him to call them *all* dear children after that dreadful event, Rue reflected, as, with burning cheeks and tearful eyes, she stood, with a number of other little culprits, in one of the wide halls, for even punishment was in rows at the Home. Shifting her weight from one restless foot to the other, yet trying to stand sufficiently upright to answer the requirements of the penance, Rue did sincerely wish that she had been a good girl and remained quietly in the chapel, partly because of the humiliation that had befallen her, but also because she wanted to hear what he had to say on the particular subject he had named.

"Why didn't he begin with that, and then I'd have listened!" she thought, rather resentfully. For back

Rue's Heathen

among Rue's shadowy memories of the past, of love, and mother, and a home that was not *the* Home, was a dim recollection of some curious articles which her baby hands had only been allowed to touch carefully, because they were mementoes of an uncle who had died far away on a mission field. "So it would have been most like hearing about my relations; only I haven't got any," mused Rue. "Oh, dear! I wish I'd stayed good and hadn't pulled Mary Jane's hair. I didn't mean to, anyway."

She tried to find out about it afterwards by inquiring of one of the other girls.

"Oh! he wanted the children to try and save up something, so they could help send Bibles to the heathen. Guess, if he lived here long, he'd find we hadn't anything to save," was the hurried reply.

Bibles! That was where Rue was rich. She actually had two that had been brought from that faintly remembered home.

"I don't suppose I'll read one of 'em to pieces; not if I used it till I'm a big woman," she said to herself. "I might give the other one. I ought to help, 'count of being a relation, somehow, and I want to be good. I just do."

Later in the day she ventured another inquiry:

"How will he get those to the heathen?"

"I don't know. Why, yes, he'll send 'em through the post-office, of course. What do you care so much about it for?"

That was what Rue did not mean to tell. She chose her prettiest Bible, spent the play-hours of two days

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in writing an epistle on the fly-leaves, and tied it up in a piece of brown paper. Her knowledge of the post-office and its requirements was exceedingly limited, but she supposed it would be necessary to put something on the outside of the packet, to tell for whom it was intended. She wanted it to go where it was needed most, and of course the post-office people would know where that was, she reflected; so she carefully printed, in very uneven letters, "For the greatest heathen," and then laid the precious package away to await a future opportunity. She would trust her secret to no one, lest some unforeseen interference might result, and she cautiously sought information.

"How do you do when you put anything into the post-office?" she demanded of Mary Jane Sullivan.

"Why, you just put 'em in. You go in the door, and there's an open place where you drop 'em right down," exclaimed Mary Jane, lucidly.

How good Rue was for days after that. How she washed dishes in the kitchen, under the care of Miss Dorothy, and made beds in the dormitories, under the supervision of Mrs. Mehitable, and so at last earned the privilege of being the one sent to town on some trifling errand for the matron.

Thus it happened that one bright morning the clerks in the post-office were surprised by a little packet tossed in upon the floor, and a glimpse of a blue check apron vanishing hurriedly through the door. Unstamped, and with its odd address, it created a ripple of amusement.

"'For the greatest heathen.' That must be you.



Rue writing the letter to "The Greatest Heathen."

Rue's Heathen

Captain," declared one; and the postmaster laughingly took charge of it, and then forgot it until, at home that evening, he found it in his pocket.

"What is it?" asked his wife, presently, as he saw him silent and absorbed, and, looking over his shoulder, she read the little letter with him. Original in spelling and peculiar in chirography it certainly was, but they slowly deciphered it:

"I haven't any money to give 'cause I'm one of the little girls at the Home. Some of them have relations to send them things sometimes; but I haven't. I have two Bibles; but I wouldn't give this to any one but the heathen 'cause my own mamma gave it to me. It's nice to have a mamma to cuddle you up and love you just by your own self, and tuck you into bed at night, and not have to be in a row all the time. It makes a lump all swell up in my throat when I think of it, and my eyes get so hot and wet I can hardly see. I wish God did have homes enough, so He could give every little boy and girl a real one, and we needn't be all crowded up in one big place, that's just called so. Sometimes, when I see all the houses it 'most seems as if there must be enough to go 'round; but I suppose there isn't. I guess it'll be the real kind we'll have up in heaven, and I want to go there; and that's why I send you this Bible, so you can learn about it. You must read it and be good. Oh, dear! it's dreadfully hard to be good when you haven't any mamma. I hope you've got one, if she is a heathen, for I'm most sure that's better than no kind. Good-bye.

"Rue Lindsay."

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"Poor little thing!" exclaimed the lady, half laughing, but with a sudden moisture in her brown eyes.

Captain Grey looked around the beautiful room.

"I'm inclined to believe that letter was properly directed, and has reached its rightful destination," he said, thoughtfully. "Think of it, Mary—all these cosy, pretty rooms, and no one to occupy them but you and me, while there are so many little home-sick souls in the world! You have spoken of it before; but I was too selfishly contented to care about it. If I'm not 'the greatest heathen' I have certainly been far enough from the sort of Christianity this book requires."

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Grey, with shining eyes, waiting for the conclusion of the matter.

"Shall I go to-morrow and bring this little midæet home with me—for a visit, say—and see what come of it?"

It did not occur to little Rue that the stranger she met in the hall the next day, and who had a long interview with the matron, could be of any possible interest to her small self, until she was summoned down stairs to see him.

"Would you like to go home with this gentleman, for a visit of a week or two, Rue? He has come to ask you," said the matron.

"Me?" questioned Rue, oblivious of grammar lessons, and with a dozen exclamation points in her voice. There was no danger of her declining. The prospect of a visit anywhere was delightful, and the possibility of such a thing almost as wonderful as a fairy tale. So

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it was a very bright little face that Captain Grey found beside him in the carriage, and Rue looked up at him shyly through her rings of sunny hair, to ask, as the only imaginable solution of the happy problem: "Are you one of my relations?"

"Yes, but I didn't remember it until last night," he answered gravely.

The weeks that followed were brimful of joy to Rue, and she won her way straight into the home and the hearts that had opened to receive her

"And so you think I may tell the matron that you do not care to go back, but are willing to stay here?" questioned the Captain, when the allotted time had expired.

"I guess," replied Rue, looking down at her dainty dress, and suddenly flinging her arms around Mrs. Grey's neck, "that you didn't ever live there, and eat soup, and wear check aprons, and have nobody like this to love, 'r else you'd know."

But she has not learned yet that it was her own missionary effort that brought so great reward.

How Yin-Dee Changed Her Name

CHAPTER I.

"LEAD ALONG A BROTHER."

The first thing I know about myself is that I was born; and that I had a father and mother, too, just as you have. I thought I had better tell you this, as I have often heard ignorant country people ask the missionary if in his country children are born the same as in China, just as they will ask him if there are a sun and moon, rivers and hills, there is here. My grandfather used to say that foreigners belonged to a country where people had holes in their chests and were carried about on a long pole by two men. But he had never seen any foreigners at all.

Of course when I was born nobody wanted me. Whoever wants girls? I was the first child; so my parents were bitterly disappointed. Well, I couldn't help it; and I have often thought how hard it was that I should be badly treated, as if it were my fault. My father said bitter things to mother, so she called me "Yin-dee," which means, "Lead along a brother." After a time they got more used to me, and were not

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more unkind than most parents. Sometimes when I was extra good mother would take me in her arms and call me her "precious," for, as the proverb says, "All have the parent heart." Now, if I had been a boy how different it would have been—there would have been no end of rejoicing and feasting! My mother's parents would have supplied me with a cradle and lots of pretty clothes. When a month old there would have been another feast, and the barber would have come to shave my head and mix the hair with rice and give it to the dog to eat, to make *me* brave. I should always have had my own way and have been petted by all. When a year old, they would have called my relations together and spread before me a lot of things, to see what my future was to be. There would be books and pens, scissors and scales, a rule, and some money; and they would have waited to see which was the thing I grabbed. If it had been books how it would have pleased them, for it would have meant that I was to be a scholar; if scissors, then a tailor; and so on. Now, I wonder which I should have chosen? Not books, I'm afraid; for I don't like learning—do you?

Well, as I wasn't a boy, I had none of this, so had to be content. As small-pox was very bad, I had a label on my back to say I had already had it (though I hadn't), but that was to deceive the goddesses. Then, to make quite sure I had a cloth monkey strung round my neck, which made a nice plaything. I am afraid I wasn't always good at night—I am sure you all are!—but cried, for I didn't have enough to eat most of the time; so father got the teacher next door to write a

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verse and paste it on the wall outside. This is how it goes:

Tien hwang, hwang, dee hwang, hwang,
Ngo jah yo go yea coo long,
Go wong jwin dz nien san bien,
Ee jo shway dao da tien liang.

In English it is—

Ye gods in the heavens, ye powers on the earth,
My baby began from the hour of her birth
With horrible screams to rend the night!
O passing stranger, these my rhymes
Read, I pray you, through three times,
And then she will sleep till broad daylight.

But I'm afraid there were not many who read them three times, for it didn't make much difference. Still, it was the correct thing to do, so mother felt satisfied.

How Yin-Dee Changed Her Name

CHAPTER II.

ORPHANED THROUGH OPIUM.

According to our Chinese books, when a son is born he sleeps on a bed, he is clothed in robes, he plays with gems, his cry is princely loud; as an emperor, he is clothed in purple, and he is the king of the home. But when a daughter is born she sleeps on the ground, she is clothed in a wrapper, she plays with a tile; she cannot be eit' er good or evil, and has only to prepare wine and food without giving any cause of grief to her parents. So, being a girl, I learned to play with broken tiles, and found them as good as gems. When I was about three years old, something dreadful happened. Another baby was born—and it was a girl. I didn't mind at all, as I wanted someone to play with, and a girl is as good as a boy—better, *I think*. But our proverb says, "Eighteen beautiful daughters are not equal to one son, even 't'ough he be lame." My father was dreadfully angry, and beat mother; so she was miserable, and cried a good deal. After a few days I missed my baby sister, and when I asked where she was, someone laughed, and pointed to a pond near by. I didn't know then what he meant; but sister never came back, so I had to play alone.

About this time I was betrothed. Practically all girls are, in China, and at a very early age. My father said girls were a useless expense, so he wanted to get me off his hands as soon as possible. So a lucky day

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was chosen, and two middlemen engaged, who came and compared the day and the hour of my birth with that of the lad they suggested. Then followed a feast, when the agreement was made and my future fixed.

The home of my future husband was some little way off, and his father was a broken-down scholar, who kept a small school, and was a slave to opium. The lad was his youngest son. The mother bore a bad reputation for quarrelling and scolding, so you may imagine I didn't look forward with much pleasure to entering my new home, and hoped the day was far off. But it came sooner than I expected.

When I was about seven years old, I began to notice that father was away a great deal at night, and that we didn't get much to eat. The furniture slowly disappeared, and our clothes were poor and scanty. My mother seemed anxious, and cried much. I found out the meaning of it one day when I caught sight of father slinking into a dirty hovel near by, which I knew to be an opium den. Alas, he had become a victim to the "foreign smoke"! Day by day the craving grew upon him, and every scrap of money he could get went in opium, and mother had to support herself and me by making shoes and washing clothes. Father ate but little, and gave mother so little money that we were nearly starved. In the morning, before the craving came on again, he was very miserable and bad-tempered. He cursed himself and the English who, he said, had brought this evil on China; yet he couldn't break away from the habit, and things grew worse and worse.

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Very soon we had to move into a smaller house, and had hardly any possessions. Mother did the best she could, but no money was safe from father; and one day she said she could bear it no longer, and went out with a wild look on her face. She soon returned with some black stuff that looked like paint, and went into the bedroom crying. After a while she was quiet, and I thought she was sleeping, so I went away to play.

It was some time before I returned, but mother was still sleeping. She looked so strange that I ran next door to ask them to come. They came; and at once there was a great hubbub, and somebody ran for father, but he was smoking opium and wouldn't come. Then I knew that the black stuff mother had bought was opium, and that she had swallowed it to end her troubles.

Her relatives came and made a great row. They abused father, and he abused them; and they demanded a lot of money, now mother was dead, though they never tried to help her when she was alive. Father didn't seem to care much, as opium eats all the spirit and manhood out of its victims. He hadn't any money, so thought the best thing was to send me at once to my future husband's home, and so obtain the amount they had practically bought me for. With this he was enabled to satisfy mother's relatives, and I soon found myself transferred to my new home. I never saw my father again. The cruel opium had made me worse than an orphan.

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CHAPTER III.

LITTLE GOLDEN LILIES.

When I was about four my feet were bound. You must know that in China the smaller the feet the more a woman is admired. For over a thousand years the custom has been observed, and only a few give it up, even though, as the common saying has it, "For every pair of small feet there has been shed a bucket of tears." So as my mother wished me to have "little golden lilies," as they were called, she commenced to bind my feet early.

The calendar was consulted for a lucky day (it would never do to commence anything on an unlucky day), and mother brought some strips of calico a few inches wide and several yards long. With these she tightly bound my feet, making them narrow and pointed.

At first I went nearly crazy with crying. No one took any notice of it, and mother tried to console me by saying that no one would marry a woman with large feet. She told me that when she was married hers were only two and a half inches long. Day by day the binding was done until I wished I could die and be rid of the pain. Gradually it became less as the feet ceased to grow, and I was able to hobble about the house.

But with it all I was much more fortunate than little "Pearl," my friend next door. They left the binding

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of her feet until she was nearly eight, and then bound them very tightly. She was only scolded and beaten when she cried, and the pain was so great she nearly died; and when one of her feet got very bad they called in the native doctor. He said it was a demon in her left leg, so they heated needles and poked them in her legs to let the evil spirit out. But she didn't get better, so they took her to a charm priest some miles away. They couldn't afford a chair, so little Pearl was forced to walk part of the way. The priest wrote some characters on paper, put them in water, and Pearl drank it. Then they paid a good sum of money and returned.

The long walk was too much for Pearl, and she had a long illness, and is now lame. They say it was because she, in her previous life, was a bad man—so she was born again as a woman, and has had all this pain.

I have heard that in the mission-schools of the foreigners the girls all have large feet; but I am sure they must look very coarse—and whoever will marry them? Still, I daresay it's nice to be able to run about without falling. I remember once mother slipped on the ladder going into the loft, and fell, hurting her back; but she didn't blame her feet. "Little golden lilies make an insecure footing," says the proverb.

I was about eight when I was taken to my new home, and the following years were so full of sorrow that I hardly dare tell you about them. I was just a little slave-girl, nothing more. There are many thousands in the same plight in China. I was the property of

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my mother-in-law, and she was a bad-tempered and cruel woman. She seemed to take a delight in beating me, and was always thinking of some new way to make my life miserable; while from morning to night I had to work far beyond my power. The opium-eating father used to grab all the money he could, so the rice often barely went round, and I was continually being half-starved—only having gruel, and but little of that. All the menial work of the house fell to my lot, and, as I was at the beck and call of all, I was at it from morning to night.

The brothers, too, expected me to wait on them, and struck me if I didn't obey their wishes. My mother-in-law's cruel tongue and crueller hand drove me on all day, and late at night I was glad to rest my weary bones on the straw bed in the loft.

Things went from bad to worse. Not only was the father given to opium, but the mother and sons were all bad—continually drinking, card-playing, and quarrelling, till the house bore a bad name all round. Surrounding the house were several fields. Once there had been a large farm, but one by one the fields were sold for opium, until only a few were left. These were tilled by the sons and so brought in a little money.

The thing we depended on most was cotton, and I had to take my share in cultivating it. The fields had to be constantly weeded, and that was done by the women and girls. As with our bound feet it is difficult to stand, we used to take small stools into the fields and sit with our hoe in our hands busily digging out the weeds. Then came cotton-picking—back-



The women and girls work all day transplanting rice.

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aching work, with the sun fiercely shining overhead, and plenty of angry words when the amount picked wasn't as much as my mother-in-law thought it ought to be.

In the autumn and winter I learned to wind the cotton, and then to work at the loom, weaving the coarse white cloth of which our garments were made. This, with making shoes and cooking rice, was my chief work; and though I suffered much I dared not complain—for I was like the dumb man eating worm-wood, unable to utter my misery.

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CHAPTER IV.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

I should like to tell you something about the school my father-in-law kept. It was held in a little dark room at the back of the house, and there were a dozen or so boys of about six to twelve, who came daily, as soon as it was light, and studied till dusk. They brought their own desks and stools, paid for their own ink and pens and books, and gave a little to the teacher, either in money or farm produce. They were mostly farmers' boys, and in the busy season often had to help at home; so their education proceeded slowly.

Their chief work was to learn by heart long strings of words, of the meaning of which they knew nothing. They began with the three-character classic, and went on to the works of Confucius and Mencius. But what they learnt was of little good; for they repeated the sentences like so many parrots, and with just as much understanding of the meaning.

Then there was writing—following a copy set by the teacher, with a brush pen and ink rubbed on a stone slab. That was all. No geography, or arithmetic, or history; it was dull indeed. Then, too, there was no discipline to speak of; for the teacher was often under the influence of opium, so the boys did as they liked.

The biggest boy in the school was called "Seven Pounds," because he weighed that when he was born.

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He was a bad boy and a regular bully, lording it over the small ones and helping himself to their pens and paper. No one dared to reprove him, least of all the teacher, for he was the son of the village pawnbroker, the most wealthy and powerful man in the neighborhood. Large numbers of Chinese regularly pawn their summer clothes in the winter, and their winter clothes when the warmer weather returns; so the pawnbrokers make a good harvest, and are usually very wealthy and powerful. So, you see, it didn't pay to quarrel with Seven Pounds, and he knew this well enough.

Now, although my father-in-law was reckoned a scholar, he was, like all in the house, very superstitious. In the large room, which was dirty and dusty in the extreme, the place of honour was given to the God of Riches. There he sat in fat dignity, presiding over the house, though we never saw any of his riches. In fact, since the coming of wealthy foreigners into the country, it is often said that the god has moved to foreign parts, and is now bestowing his riches on the Western nations. Certainly I never saw the use of him, for our circumstances got worse and worse.

Then on the outside door we had pasted a pair of door gods. These pictures represent famous warriors who now are regarded as gods, and they have to protect the house from calamities. Certainly they are ugly enough for anything; but I have never known them ward off robbers. But perhaps it is only the spirits that are afraid of them; men aren't, I am sure. To frighten off the spirits we had a looking-glass hung over the front door, so that when the spirits came

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round and were about to enter, they should see their ugly faces and retire in a fright.

The calendar was invariably consulted for lucky days on which to begin everything; and when there was an eclipse we joined our neighbors with gongs and drums to prevent the heavenly dog swallowing the sun. Every spring there were the sacrifices at the ancestral graves, and much cash paper was burnt lest the spirits of our ancestors should not have enough to pay current expenses. Sacrifices were offered to them, and it was a general holiday. Any paper on which there was any writing or printing was carefully burnt. By this act merit was stored up.

On All Souls' Day my mother would burn incense and cash paper for the release of those wandering spirits who had no descendants to do it for them. Near by was a Buddhist temple, where a few lazy priests idled away the day in opium-smoking and gambling, bearing out the common saying, "Nine priests, ten rogues." My brothers-in-law often went there to try to find out whether any proposed undertaking was going to turn out successfully. So by all these things you will see there was plenty of religion in our house, though but little goodness.

New Year, which is the great Chinese festival, brought only added sorrows to me; for the time was given up to gambling, and I was busier than ever attending to the wants of the gamblers, and only received blows in return. Only at the new year itself was there a little rest from abuse, for at that time it is unlucky to use bad words. To name the evil spirits

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is to cause them to appear. I have heard missionaries say that they feel free to go where they like then without fear of abuse, for no one calls them "foreign devil" then, even though they make up for it later on.

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CHAPTER V.

GODS MANY AND LORDS MANY.

Over our stove was a paper figure of the kitchen god. He presides all the year round over the cooking arrangements, and listens carefully to all that is said. A few day before the close of the year he goes up to heaven to report all he has heard to the gemmy emperor, his master. He must have had a lot to tell about our house; so my mother-in-law took the precaution to daub his lips with sticky treacle so that he could not open his mouth and tell of her doings. Most of our neighbors did this, too; so I suppose they didn't feel any too comfortable about his report of them. At the new year he came down again—at least we put up a new one in the place of the one we had burned, which, I suppose, comes to the same thing.

The goddess of smallpox was much dreaded in our district. She usually got to work at the beginning of the summer, and unless big gifts were given to her, she revenged herself by killing large numbers of little children as well as grown-ups. I remember well how she came one summer. One by one of the children fell ill of "heavenly flowers," as the disease was called, and the temple was thronged with worshippers, while every house had its image of Niang-niang, to which incense was burned to ward off her anger. As nothing availed, a great procession was arranged for, in which

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many children took part. They were gaily dressed and carried aloft on the shoulders of men to call forth the pity of the cruel goddess.

Then we had a great theatrical performance which Niang-niang watched from her shrine opposite the stage. It lasted for over a week, and crowds came from far and near. The only result I know of was that the disease was carried into a number of villages near and many more died. The expenses were paid by the people round, and during the performances the gambling and opium dens reaped a rich harvest. I was too busy to care for any of these things, and so miserable that I prayed Niang-niang to come and end my weary life by sending me the "heavenly flowers."

But a worse calamity than the smallpox was to come upon us. All the year but little rain had fallen, and the fields were parched and dry. It was the time for planting out the rice. This rice is our staple food, and if anything happens to the rice harvest we are in the greatest difficulty. The rice is sown on flooded fields, and when planted out has to be well watered for a month or more, or the plants will dry up.

In spite of all the prayers at the temples, the processions, and the crackers, the rain refused to fall, and ruin stared us in the face. The following winter was dry and cold, and prices went up so that the poor began to be in great want. Still it was hoped the spring rains would put things right again. The farmers sowed what little grain they had left; but the heat set in earlier than usual, and the fierce sun scorched up all, and men prayed in vain for the rains

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that never came. In their place came famine, gaunt and relentless.

Our family was one of the very first to suffer. Gradually clothes and goods were sold, for my father-in-law's opium craving had to be satisfied somehow, and with it all my miseries increased. Yet I dare not run away, for that meant certain death. In the wake of the famine came fever. Weak with constant opium-smoking, my father-in-law was an early victim, and we buried him hastily outside the village. The two eldest sons left secretly, and bitterly my mother-in-law cursed them for leaving her thus in her distress.

There should have been some help obtainable from the Benevolent Halls; but though many subscriptions had been given in the good years, the money could not be accounted for now that it was wanted, and the man in charge committed suicide when faced by the angry people. The wealthy hid their money lest it should be stolen by the bands of fearless robbers who prowled everywhere. Our home was now sold, and as we soon used up the money, there was nothing for it but to join the crowds of starving people going into the cities to seek for help.

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CHAPTER VI.

IN THE GRIP OF FAMINE.

On the way to the town, in the blazing heat, and living mostly on roots dug from the wayside, the youngest son, my prospective husband, died of exhaustion. I don't think any of us minded, as we were too far gone ourselves. I only remember feeling some relief that now I need never be married into that family. How we reached the town I don't know; but we got there at last, and for a few days lived on a little rice doled out from a temple near the river. The stores of grain supposed to be reserved in every town against famine were found to be bad from neglect, and it was only with difficulty a riot was prevented. The official dared not show his face, as there were rumors that he had been pocketing some of the relief money given by the Government.

On the third day we were all of us too weak to fight our way through the crowd to where rice was being distributed. Near by was a shop where a kind of coarse wheat bread was sold. My mother-in-law eyed it hungrily. There were few about, so she went up to the man and whispered to him. He looked across to me, and then I saw him give her a lump of bread, which she clutched eagerly and disappeared down a back street. I never saw her again. She had sold me to the baker for a piece of bread!

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I was at the time too starved and ill to be frightened, and the man appeared to be kind and good, and told me not to be afraid. He brought me to his wife, a pleasant woman with a kind face, who gave me a little food, and after a while I slept. Then began a new life for me. At first I was terribly afraid lest my old enemy should come back and try to get me away. My new-found friends I soon began to like. The man was a small trader, who had done well in previous years, and though, like all the others, they were hard pressed by the famine, they had money enough to tide them over the worst. They had no children, so the man bought me as a servant for his wife, and I found in her a good mistress.

Meanwhile the distress grew. Many of the officials were so corrupt as to try to make money out of the calamities of the people. Transit by water was very slow, so it was long before relief came. At last we heard that kindly foreigners were bringing up some boat-loads of flour for the destitute people. It was when these boats arrived that I saw a foreigner for the first time in my life. There were two of them who attended to the transport of the rice from the boats to a temple. A strong force of soldiers prevented the rush of the hungry crowd, and the foreigners used to steal out late at night and early in the morning giving tickets to the destitute and taking care that they were not imposed upon by those whose need was not so great.

They told from time to time a strange story of a new religion of love, and of Someone called the Lord



Making idols in China.
"The idols in the temple could not help."



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Jesus, who had sent them in to save the starving. They were very kind, and gave the people work, widening and draining the road. My new father was greatly impressed by all this, and I overheard him say that such a doctrine as this was worth listening to.

It was at that time that my new-found friends determined to leave that part and retire to their home far away in the country. A long boat journey brought us at last to a small farm, lying at the foot of a steep hill, crowned, as is usual, by a temple. Here in this new home I began a new life. My friends were very religious, and belonged to the vegetarians. Nearly all the best and most spiritual people in China belong to this sect. They are earnest worshippers of idols, and give large sums of money to priests, and in their life are careful and self-denying. One of their chief reasons for becoming vegetarians was that they had no son. This they regarded as the sure sign of the wrath of the gods. To appease them they had made many pilgrimages to famous shrines, but without finding peace.

When New Year came, there was a celebrated and much-attended festival on the Fairy Hill, near our home. From far and near crowds came to worship in the temple of the goddess, bestower of sons and healer of smallpox. Beggars, in all stages of filthiness, lined the roads reaping a rich harvest from the worshippers, eager to accumulate merit by acts of charity. My father joined the procession that started one day from our village. Fasting and in silence they wended their way across the fields, each man with a stick of burning

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incense in his hand, and preceded by banners and an idol in a shrine. Arrived at the temple the noise was deafening. Drums and gongs clashed, innumerable crackers spluttered, and the air was heavy with the smoke of incense. My father knelt before the grim idol. The priest shook together a lot of bamboo slips, from which my father took one, and the priest handed to him the corresponding response of the idol. Anxiously he stepped outside and read. Would it be favorable? Would the angry gods regard his prayer at last? He read the printed slip, and a look of intense disappointment passed over his face, for he read thus:

From sickness no release;
In lawsuits no success;
Your children hard to rear;
From false charges no redress;
The lost will not be found,
Nor flocks nor herds increase;
From marriage no good luck,
And from labor no release.

Such was the result of many prayers and much fasting. Truly the gods keep their wrath for ever.

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CHAPTER VII.

I RECEIVE A NEW NAME.

Sadly my father wended his way down the mountain. All was hopeless. Heaven had forgotten to smile upon him. Then he noticed ahead of him a small crowd surrounding a foreigner. He was a missionary from the neighboring town, and was busy selling books and preaching to the worshippers of the goddess. Father stepped up, partly out of curiosity and partly remembering the good deeds of the foreigners in the famine district.

The crowd were inclined for some fun at the stranger's expense; but he answered with such good humor and politeness as to win their good opinions. Then he commenced to preach. He did not abuse the idols—there might have been trouble had he done so—but he told of a True Spirit who was loving and good. Father listened. Who could that Spirit be, so full of love? Not the god of thunder whom everybody feared, for he struck men dead in his wrath. Not the fierce god of war, or the pitiless Niang-niang rejoicing in the sufferings of the smallpox victims.

As the missionary spoke his face glowed. He told of Jesus, who went about doing good and at last died for men. There were no Chinese gods who would do that, father thought. They would take your money, but die for you?—well, that was nonsense. Eagerly

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he listened to the wonderful story. The stranger noticed him. At the close of his address he approached father. "Your name, honorable sir?" he asked. "My unworthy name is Lee," was the response. Quietly and earnestly the stranger looked into father's face. "Sir," he said, "I noticed you listening intently just now; may I respectfully ask you, Is there peace in your heart? Do you yet know the grace of God in forgiving sin?" Forgiving sin—that was what my new parents had sought for so long; and the missionary's words went home. My father made a confused answer, but bought a book the stranger recommended him, and hurried home lest it should be known that he had talked with the foreigner, and was in danger of eating the foreign doctrine.

That meeting was the turning-point in my father's life. The book he had bought pointed out a new and living way of obtaining release from sin. Many visits were paid to the chapel; and once the missionary came to our village and stayed at our house. Little by little my father's prejudices were overcome, and the new doctrine entered his heart. At first mother was bitterly opposed to it. To draw her away from her gods and win her to this persecuted faith was no easy task; but gradually the light dawned for her, too.

The neighbors got to hear of the visits to the chapel, and much petty annoyance was the result; but father's patience and sincerity disarmed suspicion, and his happiness was so manifest as to be a constant witness to the truth. They were happy days for me, and my new life was such a change from the old that it all

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seemed a dream. One day the missionary heard my story. "You have come out of much tribulation," he said. Then turning to father, he remarked, "Why not give her a new name?" "Yes," said father, "we will not call her Yin-dee any more, but Ping-an—Rest and Peace—for that is what I have now found in Christ." So that is how my name was changed.

Then it was suggested that I ought not to grow up ignorant, but should learn to read and write; for in the Christian religion there is no difference made between girls and boys—all are alike precious to Jesus. The missionary told us that at Han-yang there was a school for girls, where many were living and being taught useful things, and, best of all, were taught the story of Christ. How excited I was at the prospect of going, though not a little afraid of so strange a place!

At last the longed-for day came and I found myself with my father landing at Han-yang. At first I was bewildered by the busy crowds and clung to father's gown as I walked along. How I trembled with excitement as we reached the school, and I think father felt as nervous as I did. But we were inside the gates at last. In a large yard we saw a group of girls playing. I gave a gasp of surprise. How could they run so? Then I saw that their feet were unbound, and the small, pointed shoes had given place to comfortable ones, which didn't cause them to hobble along. I smiled a welcome at them, and wondered how long it would be before I could run as they did.

"They're a Multitooode"

We were shown in and introduced to the matron, a Chinese lady, who made us feel quite at home, and after a chat two foreign ladies came in. At first I could only stare, and I nearly forgot my manners; but I found that though they were dressed strangely they spoke my language; so my fear left me and I was soon enrolled as a scholar in the David Hill Girls' School, and proud I was of the fact, too. Truly my new name suited me—I had found rest and peace.

How Yin-Dee Changed Her Name

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

So began my school-life. There is not time to tell you all about it now. There were about seventy of us there, from five to seventeen years old. Some of them had been slave girls, and could tell a story to match mine. Twice a day we gathered for meals, and we learnt to clean out our rooms, mend and wash our clothes, and make our own shoes, so as to be useful when we returned home. Then there was study and drill, and all of it was so interesting—not a bit like the dry way they teach in Chinese schools. Yet, best of all, were the Sunday services in the chapel and the class-meeting and Bible-study in the week. My feet were gradually loosened, and as they grew again I learned to skip and run with the other girls; and when I went home it was wonderful the impression made on the people in our out-of-the-way village.

Several years have gone by since I went to school and entered upon that new life. Now I am learning to teach others; for teachers are badly needed in our schools and women teachers are difficult to get. To-day I have been thinking over my life. Like a dreadful dream there rises before me the picture of Yin-dee, the neglected little slave of a cruel woman. I see myself hobbling over the ground picking cotton, or in the evil home making tea for opium-smokers and

"They're a Multitooode"

gamblers. I almost expect to hear the harsh tones of my mother-in-law calling me to do some menial duty.

Then I remember the famine and its horrors. I can scarcely believe that it is all a thing of the past, and I have become Ping-an, the child of rest and peace. And what has done it all? Just this—the love of Jesus. It was Jesus who sent the missionary with the message of love and pardon, and it is Jesus who now fills my heart with joy. Yet I cannot forget that there are many—oh, so many!—of my sisters in China in the same sad plight as I was. I wonder how long it will be before the message will come to them? How long before they will enter the land of rest and peace?

In the city of Pekin there hangs a great bell, and there is a legend connected with it on which I love to ponder. Twice had the labor of years been lost at the time of casting. The third time, just as the molten metal was to be poured into the mould, the lovely daughter of the maker, knowing that by no other means could a perfect bell be cast, flung herself into the cauldron and gave her life to save her father from disappointment and shame.

China now is waiting to be moulded. Old things are passing. It is a new China we are beholding. Many ways have been tried for her regeneration. The cold morality of Confucius is powerless. Buddhist monks and Taoist priests have come in vain. Only by the cleansing Gospel of Christ can China be purified and made a vessel meet for the Master's use. Ages ago this girl sacrificed herself that the bell might be perfect. What we women and girls of China need is

How Yin-Dee Changed Her Name

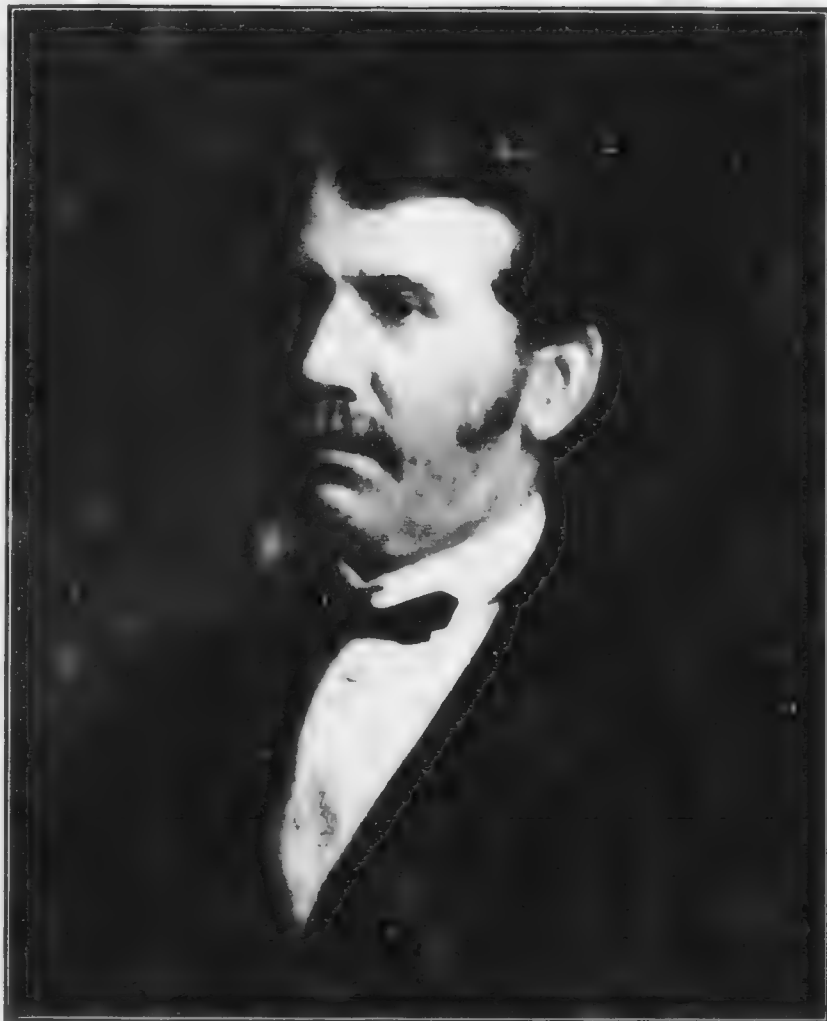
that more missionary teachers should come to us, bringing the love of the Lord on their lips and in their lives—then will China be saved and won for Christ. It is worth it a thousand times. Will some of you come? Will more of you give? Will all of you pray? There is something each can do, if you will only try. Out of death springs life, and out of your sacrifice for Christ shall spring a new China, free from the sins which have bound her in the past.

David Livingstone

BY A FELLOW-TOWNSMAN.

At Blantyre, Scotland, on the 19th March, 1813, a child was born to Neil and Agnes Livingstone. We never know when is happening an epoch-making event. Every new soul ushered into the world is a shut cask of possibilities. The boy born in the humble home consisting of a "but and a ben," was destined to become one of the greatest missionaries; and the most conspicuous and intrepid explorer the world has ever seen; to achieve for himself a deathless fame, a name of imperishable memory, and to leave to mankind a heritage of truth and influence. His cradle was in the peasant's cottage, but his grave is in Westminster Abbey. I have many times visited the house where he was born, and the mill where he worked, and oftentimes I have read the inscription that is over his grave. I esteem it a great privilege to have lived for years near the birthplace of the great and good David Livingstone. His home was one of those which are the glory of Scotland, the abode of the godly and intelligent working class. His mother was a sweet, gentle woman, and his father was a good man.

When ten years of age he went to work. His working hours were from six a.m. to eight p.m. His first



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

(1813-1873)

The Great Missionary Explorer.

Went to Africa 1840.

Died in Africa 1873

How David Livingstone gave

**"I will place no value upon anything I have or may possess
except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ."**

David Livingstone

week's wages, sixty cents, he gave with pride to his mother. He saved a few pence and purchased a "Rudiments of Latin," over which he pored when the day's work was done. His thirst for knowledge was intense. At the age of sixteen he had read many of the classical authors and knew Horace and Virgil well.

It was about his twentieth year that the great spiritual change took place, which was to determine Livingstone's future life. At that time he definitely received Christ as his personal Saviour, and there can be no doubt that his heart was thoroughly penetrated by the new life that then flowed into it. Religion became the everyday business of his life and his daily prayer was that he might resemble Christ, a petition fulfilled in no ordinary degree. A desire was born within him to preach Christ in China, and that he might be fitted for that work he entered as a medical student in the University of Glasgow, and in due time was graduated in medicine. He received not a cent of aid from anyone. What a struggle he had! What economy he had to practice! Frequently his meal consisted entirely of oatmeal porridge.

He was accepted by the London Missionary Society and sent out in 1840—not to China—but to Africa. To God and to Africa he gave his manhood's prime. No grander work was ever done than that accomplished by David Livingstone. In him life's fire glowed. With magnanimous and self-sacrificing devotion, with undaunted courage, in the midst of manifold sufferings, through days of hunger and

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weariness, and nights of dreadful loneliness, he worked for Africa's salvation. He loved the natives, and they loved the man who was ever kind and good. He worked amongst them with a vision ever before him of the men and women, whom they, by God's grace, might become, and that vision shaped and controlled and sustained him in all his efforts. With the vision of the latter day before him he addressed himself nobly and well to the work of the present. God alone knows what Africa owes to Livingstone.

This full and overflowing life closed to earth's activities in May, 1873. His spirit marches on. Such men never die. His spirit has entered into the great stream of the ever-swelling life of mankind, and continues, and will continue, to act there with its whole force for evermore. He lives in minds made better by his noble example. He lives in the Livingstonia Mission, that great beacon light; he lives in great numbers of the regenerated natives of Africa; he lives in all who are constrained to work for Christ in that dark land.

I pray our Epworth Leaguers to read the story of his life, that they may know what one consecrated man did in a lifetime, that they may have a revelation of the possibilities in man, that they may be inspired to emulate him in his noble simplicity, high resolve, invincible courage, exalted self-sacrifice; that they may be possessed with the overmastering purpose which guided and drove him on. Read his life and be inspired with the thought that life is a high and noble calling. Reading of his toils and struggles and victories, pray God

David Livingstone

for grace to "follow in his train." His motto was:
"Fear God, and work hard." Make it your motto.
The greatest of all tragedies is to live and die without
a thing done by the sweat of the soul.

—Loch Ranza.

Christmas in Our Boys' School, Junghsien, West China

BY EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, B.A., B.D.

If you were a Chinese, and every day ate two meals of rice and some vegetables, with meat only twice a month, if as often; if you worked from daylight to dark seven days in the week, and had no summer vacation or Christmas holidays; if you had no books to read except possibly (if you were lucky) one or two greasy and tattered volumes of ancient philosophy, not one word of which you understood; in other words, if you were an average Chinese boy or girl, don't you think that you would look forward even more eagerly than you did this year to Christmas? I think you would. At any rate the boys and girls connected with the church in Junghsien were expecting a great treat, and we were planning to give them all that they expected, and more.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, a terrible thing happened that put an end to all these hopes and plans. Can you guess what it was? It was not a fire, or an earthquake, or a riot on the mission. But one morning there came word that the Emperor of China and his

Christmas in Our Boys' School

step-mother had suddenly died, and that everyone must go into mourning. And that was the end of the two Christmas concerts, the Christmas tree, and the feast. For the rules for mourning for a dead Emperor in China are quite strict. No one could marry for a month—that rule did not affect us, for the only wedding arranged for by anyone connected with the church, that of Mr. McAmmond's teacher, took place a few days before. No one was to be allowed to have his head shaved for a hundred days. Every Chinese boy and man allows just enough hair to grow on the top of his head to form his "pig-tail"; all the rest of his head is shaved clean. But imagine what a messy effect it is to have the head covered with a couple of months' growth around the long cue, as there is now. It is the Chinese way of going into black; for, of course, every man's hair is as black as pitch. Another rule was that no one could wear satin clothes for a hundred days, and the little red knobs on the top of the caps had to be changed to blue, which is the second degree mourning color in China, white being the first. So far the rules did not interfere with our Christmas entertainment. But now we come to the fatal order, "There must be no music and no celebrations for a month." Alas! for our Chinese boys and girls. Christmas fell within the month.

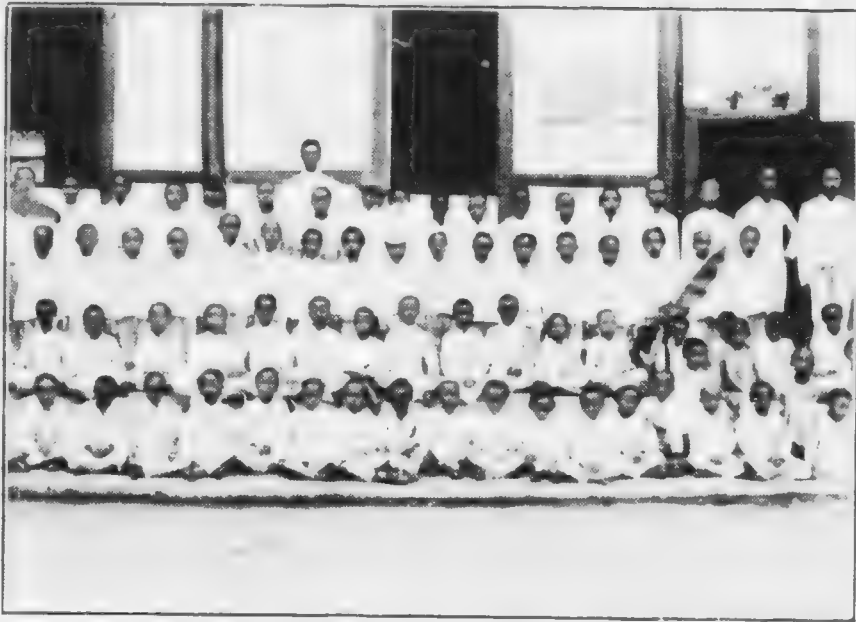
It is true that we might have got around the trouble by claiming that ours was a foreign church, and so did not fall within the common rules. This, I believe, was done in other places. But our church here is a large one, and we are constantly trying to make the members

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understand that it is a Chinese church, not a foreign one, and we decided that this was a splendid opportunity to impress on the people the fact that when a man joins the Christian Church he does not in any way become less of a Chinese, and that our Church believes in honoring the rulers of the country. As soon as it was finally decided that we should follow the regulations the members agreed that we had done the correct thing.

In one way it was rather fortunate for the boys in the school that we had no entertainment to prepare for. Just at Christmas last year came the examinations, and some of the boys were working very hard to prepare for the entrance examination. So it gave them a better chance to study. And during Christmas week they had four examinations.

We did not intend, however, that Christmas should pass without something to make the boys remember the day and what it means. If they could not have a Christmas tree, I determined to give them the next best thing—in fact, when I was a boy a year or two ago, I thought it was away ahead of a mere tree—that is hanging up the stockings. The boys had never even heard of such a custom, so it was great fun for them. One morning in school, after prayers, I solemnly asked the boarders, "How many of you have two pairs of socks?" There was blank amazement. Why did I wish to know that? I only smiled, as I began with the boy in the front, little "Georgie Bond." "Have you two pairs of socks?" "Yes, but the extra pair have holes." Then to the next boy, "Have you a second



The boys of the Junghsien School who had a good
time at Christmas.

Christmas in Our Boys' School

pair?" "I have three pair, but they all have holes, some of them as big as this," and he made a circle with his thumb and finger. "Have them mended," I replied, and passed on down the line. I found that all the nine boys had extra pairs and all of them, as is the case with the stockings of every decent fellow I ever knew, had holes. I maintain that in China, as at home, it is a sign that a boy is a real boy when he wears holes in his stockings. So I advised them to have one pair mended and washed before Christmas Eve, and bring it to me. And then—well, we should see what we should see.

Great was the excitement among the boys, and not a sock was missing when the girls at night arrived. I did not let the boys hang up their own socks, but packed them all off to the school study-room upstairs, while one of the teachers and I pinned the socks up in a row in the class-room under the blackboard. You know we have no fires in the schools here, and so there are no chimneys. All the same Santa Claus found a way, for next morning—but wait a bit.

When I got down to the school on Christmas morning at half-past seven I found the boys already at breakfast. They were casting anxious eyes in the direction of the room with the closed door, and like other boys I have known they did not take long to eat their Christmas-morning breakfast. When they were all ready they filed into the room. I am not going to tell you how those stockings were filled. You may decide for yourselves how, and by whom it was done. I don't think the boys stopped to think anything

"They're a Multitooode"

about "how." They were too much interested in the sight of twelve white Chinese socks in a row, all bulging out in a knobby fashion, with things sticking out of them, and a flat, red parcel behind every sock. On the blackboard was written in Chinese, "Jesus' Holy Birthday." After they had looked for a minute I suggested that they take down their socks and see what was in them. Then for the first time in their lives they had the joy of exploring the mysteries of a Christmas stocking. Their presents were not very much, you would say, perhaps. Each boy found a story-book and a photograph of the school, and then down in the sock were nuts and candies, and right in the toe an orange. The two teachers each got a New Testament with the Chinese and English on the same page.

They did not say much, and I wondered if they were disappointed, until one of the teachers, Mr. Jang, came up to me with tears in his eyes, saying, "You say we must not thank you, so I think we ought to thank God. Can't we do it just now?" It touched me deeply. "Yes," I said, and we all went up to the study-room and, standing there about the long table, one after another of the boys made a short, simple prayer of thanks to God, not only for the gifts of the morning, but especially for the greatest Gift of all, Jesus Christ.

At nine o'clock we had our regular morning prayers, and then I gave to the day-boys their presents, a New Testament and a bag of nuts and candy to each one. We had a nice little service in the church for all the church people, but our real Christmas service was held the next Sunday. On that day we had a special musical

Christmas in Our Boys' School

service, led by the boys, who had been practising for months under Mr. and Mrs. McAmmond. It would have done you good to hear them open the service with "Come, Thou Almighty King," with Georgie Bond singing one verse as a solo. The anthem was "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and our Chinese angels sang splendidly.

On Christmas morning the church members gave away free rice to five hundred poor people. So that altogether the boys, even if their Christmas was quieter than we have had something to remind them of the joy of this beautiful season.

God Wants Them All

God wants the boys—the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;

God wants the boys with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave

He'll have them be,

Fighting for truth

And purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the girls, the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls;

God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,

That beautiful

The world may be,

And filled with love

And purity.

God wants the girls.

Li Liang Chen

Student, Soldier, Trader, Evangelist.

REV. J. L. STEWART, B.A., B.D.

It was on the street of the Temple of the Four Sages, in the capital city, Chengtu, Szechuan. There, to-day, its low, grey gable abutting the entrance gates, stands also the Worship Hall to the Western God, who is surely becoming Father of the East and of all. Within the temple, only the smoke of a few incense sticks mingled with the tobacco and opium fumes curled upward through cobwebs and tiles to the heavens. In the Worship Hall, three score and more of China's youth, black-haired, bright-eyed, brilliant-minded hopes of her future greatness, were gathered. But half the hall was theirs. Up the centre ran a wooden wall past which presumably not even a wandering glance might go. That part beyond was sacred to the women and school girls. As not even these latter were present to embarrass the situation, native eloquence found full fling.

It was the weekly meeting of the Epworth League of the College boys. Moreover, it was missionary night, and members were all attention. The leader was in

"They're a Multitooode"

fine form. With flushed cheek and fervid voice he called his hearers to see visions.

"Jesus came to found a kingdom among men. All within the four seas are brethren. The kingdom must then include all under heaven. Jesus founded it first among His fellows, the Jews. These carried the message to Greeks and Romans. These bore it to barbarians in Europe and Britain. These have wafted it round the world, and to our land of the Middle Kingdom. And we? We must bear the glad tidings on to Thibet, to the tribesmen and to the aborigines . . ."

Just then there was a commotion in the rear of the church. Someone was trying to make himself heard. At this persistent interruption all turned. A ripple of indignation quickly changed to interest as they saw the new speaker, a big, broad-faced, burly fellow, whose countenance beamed forth a happy combination of courage and child-like simplicity.

"Your younger brother begs his elders' pardon," he ventured, "but here in the seat just in front of mine are two of these strangers from the tribes country. Why wait indefinitely some future date? They may leave before our leader is through. Why not begin here and now?"

A voice of assent and approval ran around the room. For ten minutes the speaker, bending forward, chatted pleasantly with the wanderers from the great ranges to the west, well diggers, it seemed, seeking work on the plain, welcomed them to the meeting and told them simply and sympathetically of the Saviour of all and

Li Liang Chen

His message of love to men. Then the meeting went on as before.

A simple enough little incident, surely, but it is an index to the speaker, sincere, sympathetic, fearless, practical. It was Li Liang Chen, that is, Li of Perfect Virtue, as his parents had named him in hope. To attain the Chinese goal of greatness by becoming an official was likewise a longing, and to that end he was sent early to school. There, year by year, through youth and young manhood, he had repeated his history, rhymed his poetry, patiently traced the puzzling characters and later written countless stereotyped essays under a still famous teacher of the district. More than once he had gone up with the picked men of his county to try for the coveted degree, that opening door to official life. Alas! how few could hope for success; oft-times scarce two in a hundred. His heart was, moreover, ever too great for his head, so those with more self-abstraction or secret alliances with the examiners, won the day.

In military matters, literary attainments played a lesser part, the physical was the all-important, so thither his ambitions turned. Here, though some surpassed him in lifting the two and three hundred weight stone, success came surprisingly. He soon bent a strong bow and sent his arrow clean and quivering to the heart of the target. In feats with fists his stature, strength and courage placed him among the envied few, while in swinging great swords he was scarce surpassed.

China, however, cares not for war. In the long life of

"They're a Multitooode"

no other nation has history written so large, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Her list of honor runs, scholar, farmer, mechanic, merchant. The scholar sways by thought, so is first. The farmer and mechanic each produces, so come next. The merchant does neither, but distributes, so is fourth. The soldier is not even mentioned, for he exists but to destroy. Such being the sentiment, in times of peace but few are maintained or indeed needed to follow the profession of arms among these most easily ruled of the millions of earth. Li, like the many of his fellows, must have other means of support.

His father was a merchant in the market village of the Chao family, near Jenshow. By dint of industry and economy, he had also added a small farm to his possession. Li was placed in the shop. Affability won friends, time and tact got him trade, while his fearlessness gradually carried him far afield. Back from the borders of the aborigines he brought white wax and ponies; from the province of Uin Lan he led pack mules laden with tea. In Kweichow, south and east, he sought silks and horses. From the far-flung tribes to north and west he bought musk and medicines, and from the Thibetans wools and hides. Soon agencies were established, compass-like, all about his centre, and Li, the trader, was known to big firms in scores of cities, towns, and in the great capital.

But travels had touched more than trade. In larger centres he had seen the much-talked-of foreigner, with his ever-present hospitals, schools, and churches, and had heard him discussed from province to province in

Li Liang Chen

countless inns and teashops. Once, only once, he had paused one day in his busy life to listen to a street preacher. He carried away little of what was said. How could such things concern him and his sole search for goods and gold? Thus ten years fled by. He lost much, but made more, and at length decided to settle in his native village, among his own, the better to be a filial son to his now aging father.

About that time mission problems assumed a new phase. After the dramatic events culminating in the Boxer cataclysm in 1900, the missionary found himself received in a new light. Previously permitted, as a matter of indifference, or in many places despised, insulted, persecuted, he now found himself pushed into unsought prominence. Foreign troops had defeated the forces of the Son of Heaven. Foreign officials had but to say the word, and China bowed to obey. Were not the missionaries friends of these consuls, indeed might they not themselves be officials or paid to act as such? In fact, one nation, France, openly allowed their "fathers" official status. The bishop ranked with a viceroy, the humblest priest with the local magistrate.

The fruit of it all came fast. People flocked to the churches, not to be bettered by Christian teaching, but to gain power with which to threaten and coerce their enemies. This, it is not unfair to say, was particularly true among Roman Catholic native priests and their converts, where the worst characters of the community carried the day with high hand. It was at least true of the Jenshow district, where, abetted by the church,

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"converts" coerced, blackmailed, robbed, assaulted their helpless neighbors. Should reprisals arise they were at once labelled "persecutions," appeal was made to the priests, then to the bishop, and thus to the chief officials of the province, or locally to the magistrates. The honest, hard-working citizen's lot seemed hopeless and helpless.

Then the knowledge slowly gained ground that there were two parties among these foreigners. Protestants, it was said, had equal power, but did not countenance such coercion. Why not invite these into the county, and join their organization? The plan was plausible and prevailed. Representative men went to the capital to invite the Protestant missionaries. After a time they came, received everywhere with honor and acclaim. Villages, a score and more, organized and sent representatives to support the movement. A central organization sprang up and a big building was secured.

Among the many villages that thus sent representatives was that of the Chao family. Who should be sent but Li, the scholar, soldier, merchant, man of affairs. He went to Jenshow, listened, gave hearty support, bought books said to be necessary and went his way. He was more interested now, however, and read his books carefully. Though his motives could scarce be called Christian, he was being led and to lead in a way that he knew not.

Some months later, a convention for leaders was summoned in the provincial capital. Li was ready and receptive. He returned to his native village, moved

Li Liang Chen

as not before to pilot his people. Many became converts, not of convenience, but of conviction, among these his former teacher and his own family and friends.

Another year, and again a conference of those most worthy was called. Li came gladly. This time his home-going meant the giving over of business interests to others while he went forth in his own village, county town, and all the surrounding district, this time persuading men to make the greatest of all investments, those eternal investments in the Kingdom of God. Henceforth for him he felt his life's chief business lay in the extension of the reign of righteousness, peace and joy throughout his native land.

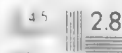
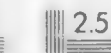
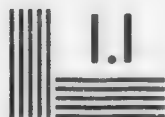
Two years have passed since then, but he is still as of old—fervent, fearless, faithful. A year's study at college in Chengtu has given him greater grip and wider vision. To-day he is again out in the work he loves, the scholar seeing even more clearly the signs of his times, the soldier going courageously forward in the great commission, the trader offering in all market-places treasure that death cannot corrupt, the evangelist heralding the glad tidings of great joy to a great people.

Of such stuff are China's first apostles in the far west. Of such appeal is the message of the Son of Man to draw alien races unto Himself. To this end let us have firmer faith in all.



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Bo and Nare, or Found Out

"Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!"

Little Bo heard the music, and ran after it. He had been fishing in a pool with a bent pin for a hook. "It is lots more fun to run after the band than to fish with a pin and not catch anything," thought Bo. So he gave the line to his little sister Nare. Nare wanted to fish before, but Bo had said, "Girls don't know anything 'bout fishing."

Bo lived in a far country where even fathers don't love little girls. Bo did not share his playthings with his sister, as you have done. He made her wait on him. He didn't know any better. That was the way Bo's father treated his mother. Bo was not white, as are the boys and girls who read this. He was brown as a berry. So was his little sister Nare. So were all the people Bo and Nare knew, except two ladies. These white missionary ladies were Bo's teachers. They told him about Jesus. But Bo's father taught him to worship idols. Bo sometimes wondered which was the true God. But at this particular minute he only thought about the music, and ran after it. He saw a great crowd and a priest in the midst beating a drum. He heard the priest cry in a loud voice, "Let every one keep silence." Then the priest looked fiercely at the small boys. Bo began

Bo and Nare, or Found Out

to tremble, and wish he were back fishing. "On this day week," again shouted the priest, "at noon a god will arise from the ground in the field near our temple." A second time the drum sounded, and the priest moved on to convey the news to other villages.

Everybody began to talk excitedly. "A god rise from the ground!" said they; "can it be possible?"

Bo was delighted. "Now I'll find out," thought he, "if men make our gods out of wood and stone, as the missionaries say. I'll go and see for myself."

That week seemed the longest Bo had ever spent. But the great day came at length, and Bo was very happy. Nare was not. Nare wanted to go too. She begged Bo to take her, but Bo answered, "You are only a girl; it doesn't make any difference what you think. By-and-bye I'll be a man; so I ought to know what is right." Bo thought it manly to speak so rudely. Why, even mothers are treated very badly by boys in countries where Jesus' teachings are not known.

So Bo started off alone. He found the largest crowd he had ever seen in the great field near the temple. In the centre was a vacant space, where only priests stood. Bo made straight for that spot. But a priest took him roughly by the shoulder, and said, "The new god will kill any one who comes inside this circle." Bo ran back and hid behind a tall man, who didn't look afraid.

It was a silent crowd. Most of the people seemed awe-struck. Every one was eagerly looking toward the vacant space where the god would rise. At noon

"They're a Multitooode"

more priests in long white robes came out of the temple. They began to mutter and wave their hands. The tall man next to Bo said, "Something black is coming out of the ground!" Bo stood on tip-toe and strained his eyes to see.

The something grew larger and larger. Every eye was fixed upon the spot. Could it be the top of a head? Yes, for the brow, eyes, nose, and mouth slowly appeared. All this time the priests never once went near. The big black idol seemed to rise of itself. The crowd, almost wild with excitement, cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!"

Bo thought the priests looked much pleased when the people shouted, "'Tis a miracle!" Soon the priests went into the temple. They didn't think any one would dare go inside the circle.

Now it happened that the tall man who stood next to Bo no longer believed that idols were gods. "The priests are trying to cheat us," thought he. "A rival temple is the favorite, where most money is given. The priests of this temple are poor. They have made up this miracle in order to draw more offerings here." So this wise man said to a friend near, "Let us make this god grow faster." The other agreed. They went boldly forward and took hold of the idol.

Bo heard people say, "They will surely fall down dead."

But no; the god came up quickly--head, hands, body--all complete. Still the two brave men stood unharmed and actually laughing. They cried out, "The priests have fooled us; come and see for yourselves!"

Bo and Nare, or Found Out

Then, pell-mell, pushing and tumbling over each other, all rushed to the spot. What do you think they saw? A great pit full of soaked peas. The priests knew that peas grow larger when left in water; so they filled the pit with peas, poured on water, placed the idol on top, and covered it lightly with soil. By-and-bye, when the peas had begun to swell, the idol was pushed through the ground.

The people were very angry. They nearly killed the priests, whom they found feasting in the temple.

After one long look backward, Bo trudged home in disgust. He could never again believe in their priests. That evening Bo told Nare his decision: "We'll not be afraid of make-believe gods any more. We must pray to the great Father who lives up in the sky."—*Selected.*

Results of a One-Cent Investment in One of Our Country Sunday Schools

At a Sunday School missionary meeting, the Superintendent received a number of letters from the scholars, giving an account of how they had traded with a cent which had been given them a year ago. It is needless to say that this was by no means the least attractive part of the programme. The following are some of the letters as received, in which we have made no corrections:—

“ I bought a cent's worth of radish seed and sowed them in a plot of ground which my Mother gave me. I tended to them with care and sold them at 5 cts. a dozen. I sold 12 dozen and made 60 cts.”

“ Two years ago I took a cent to see how much I could make for missions. One year ago I took another cent. I spent them both and gained nothing with them. You can't speculate much with a cent. A lady wanted me to do some work for her and said she would pay me, so I got \$1.15 for last year, but didn't get it in time for the meeting, and this year I have added 35 cts. more. Total amount, \$1.50.”

Results of a One-Cent Investment

"Bot lead pencils at wholesale and sold them out retail, with the proceeds bot some sugar and made taffy and sold it for missionaries, making in all, 58 cts."

"I have twenty-five cents to give you for the missionaries. I sold some cucumbers to a lady for five cents, and the rest Ma gave me for doing errands."

"I earned this money buying and selling rhubarb. 20 cts."

"I bought one egg, raised a Pullet and sold one dozen for 20 cts., one dozen eggs for 15 cents, then sold the hen for 20 cts. Total amount made, 55 cts."

"I ernt this fifteen cents by buying and selling eggs."

"I bought a patch of potatoes for one cent and tended to them and sold them for 10 cts., making a profit of 9 cts."

"I have just 51 cts. I went errands and washed dishes and did other little things for it."

"I bought beans and planted them and sold them for 3 cts."

"I bought with my cent some radish seed, and Mr. Wilson gave me a plot to sow it in. I watered and weeded them and sold them at 5 cts. a bunch, and made \$1."

"I blacked the boots for a month and earned 15 cts. I will try to do better next time."

"My cent I invested in potatoes. I planted and tended them and arranged with a gentleman to take the potatoes at 40 cts. per bag. I am glad to hand in my \$1 as the result."

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"I am a very little boy, but I ain't too small to work. Last year you did not give me a copper to work with, but I thought I would try and do something for poor little boys and girls away off in heathen lands, so last summer I picked dandelions, tied them in bunches, and sold them around the town, total amount, 5 cts."

"Total proceeds, \$12.12."

"I first bought a can with my cent, and picked berries and sold them. Received twenty cents."

"I bought a row of carrots of my Father for a cent, and had five pails, and sold them at 10c. per pail, which is fifty cents."

"I bought a cents worth of knitting cotton and knit a pair of garters and sold them for Ten cents. (10c.)"

"We Bought 2 cents worth of Eggs and Sett them, got 2 chickens, and sold them for 20 cents."

"Bought one ct's worth of Bootblackening, blackned boots for five cts. bought five ct's worth, blackned boots for five cts. a week, got one dollar."—*Missionary Outlook.*

The Schoolmaster's Lesson

The schoolmaster, with the savings of two laborious years, had treated himself to a fine large microscope. This instrument, in its mahogany case, occupied a place of honor on a side table. It was a world of wonder, a more than Aladdin's lamp to the children, who looked with joy to the occasions when the schoolmaster revealed to their wondering gaze its enchantments. Whenever the schoolmaster took a little key from his vest pocket and approached the sacred altar, where reposed the marvel, the children stowed their books under the blue desks, and fairly held their breath with expectation. Any one of them might have the honor of being summoned as officiating acolyte of the occasion.

On this afternoon the schoolmaster had a bowl of water and some small green weeds from the nearest pond. He put some of the green plant in a large, clear glass. As it floated, the children coming near to look, one by one saw that the plant seemed supplied with minute green sacs filled with air.

"Now, take your seats," said the master. "This is called a bladder-plant, from these wee, green bladders, whereby it floats. Listen, and Nathan will tell you what he sees. Nathan, come forward."

Nathan came gladly.

"Now, tell us what you see in the water, Nathan."

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"I see little live things; some have little shells on them like mussels, only they look about as big as tiny pin-heads. Some have little whirling wheels on their heads. A good many are like very, very wee caterpillars."

"Those last are the water-bears," said the schoolmaster. "Now look at the bladder-plant."

"The bladders," said Nathan, "are little bags. Their mouths are open. They are set round with hairs. Some of the bags look full of something, and dark. Some of them seem to have some live thing kicking in them. Some are empty, and as you look in at the door it is like a little clear green room. Oh! I see a water-bear swimming up to one! He looks in. He seems to think it is pretty. I guess he wants to know where there is something kicking. He looks in there. Now he goes to an empty one. Now he swims by. No, he changes his mind. He thinks he will go in. He pokes in his head. The little hairs at the door bend inward: they let him go in easy. He is in! Oh! now he is trying to come out!"

Great excitement in the listening school—eyes wide open, heads bent forward.

"Can he get out?" cried someone.

"No! no! he can't," exclaimed Nathan, all eager. "The hairs bend in, and let him in, but he cannot get by them to go out! They won't bend out. Oh, he can't get out."

The schoolmaster now took one of the dark, full sacs, cut it open with a very fine, sharp instrument, and put it under the glass.

The Schoolmaster's Lesson

"Now what, Nathan?"

"Oh, that bag is full of dead things, of what you might call the bones of these bits of creatures, the shells off one of those tiny things like mussels. They are things that have gone in and have got all melted up."

"Here is another," said the schoolmaster, putting a lighter green sac in place, also cut open. "What now?"

"That is the very sac the water-bear looked into to see something kicking. The kicking thing was another water-bear. Now it is dead. The one that went in just now is kicking, too."

The schoolmaster took that sac also, opened it, and released the struggling water-bear.

"What now, Nathan?"

"He is out, but he doesn't feel good. He doesn't swim round as he did before he went in. I think he is going to die, schoolmaster. Oh, here is another bear just going into a sac. Let him out quick, won't you?"

The schoolmaster opened the sac and the freed little animal swam off.

"He got out, right off, and nothing but him," said Nathan. "Schoolmaster, isn't it queer that when they look in and see the dead ones, and the bones and skins, or see other ones caught and kicking, and can't get out, that they don't learn better than to go in themselves? I should think they'd have sense to keep out!"

"People do not have sense to keep out when the circumstances are just about the same. Now, all of you children, listen. You know that Nathan has told you

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of these little, gay palace-rooms, where the doors open in and not out, and the things which swim by seem curious to know what is inside. Some of these gay places hold struggling captives; others are full of the relics of the dead. Now, that is a little parable to you. Let the little green sacs stand for places where strong drink is sold. Those who enter such places form the drinking habit, and then they cannot get free from it. Persons, yet free, look into these dens for drinking. They see in them people all ragged, dirty, poor, unhappy, bloated, crazy, sick, wrecked and ruined victims of the habit. They see yet others who mourn that they are enslaved, who have a sense of shame and danger, and struggle to get rid of the appetite that makes prisoners of them, and will destroy them. In this little plant, when the little animals get into the sacs, the plant melts up their bodies and seems to suck up their juice and feed on it until nothing is left but the fine bony parts. So the unhappy person who goes into a grog shop finds that the dealer feeds on him until his health and happiness, and money and respectability are all gone, and perhaps nothing is left of him but the poor body that is ready for the Potter's field. Is it not strange that when we see how many persons are utterly ruined by drink, any will venture into places where drink is sold, and will even begin to taste the fatal liquor? Whenever you see a place for selling whiskey, I want you to think of the little water-bears and other water creatures which enter the snares of the bladder-plant."—*Selected*.

Liu Tsi Chuin

Rioter and Evangelist.

REV. J. L. STEWART, M.A., B.D.

"Ninety-five" is a date of dates among the pioneer workers in West China. All winter rumors of the doings of foreigners had been floating about the city of Chengtu, old stories of suspicion and superstition scarce heard to-day: "Foreigners ate children." "Doctors pulverized eyes for medicines, hence their wonderful cures." "Bodies were buried beneath the church floors." "Foreigners having, many of them, blue eyes, could see into soil and discover hidden treasure as the dark-eyed people of China might see stones on the bottom of streams." "Foreigners were there to seek treasure or territory." Even high officials, 'tis said, fed the flame with the hope that it would soon become so hot the "foreign devils" would flee.

There were, however, few open acts of hostility during these days. Then suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, it came. It was the fifth of the fifth month feast. According to time-honored custom, the crowds assembled on the great east parade ground, scarce a stone's throw from the Mission compound, for the throwing

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of plums. Vendors, their big baskets well filled with the fruit still green, had booths, or pushed through the people everywhere. Everyone bought, sowed his plums broadcast in the air, then scrambled with the rest, for, aside from the sport, the plums so obtained were said to ward off sickness, demons, disaster, and brought good luck for the year to come. As the day grew, masses of roughs and toughs, many from the yamen, some say, mingled with the thoughtless, and jammed and jostled together till the air was filled with the hum and hue of voices, and hearts and heads were half-hysterical for mischief and riot.

Already as evening came, the crowd had overflowed past the gateway of the mission premises.

"Here's where the foreign devils live," said one.

"Let's hurl a stone at the gate," said another.

"Who dares?"

Soon one stone by stealth, then a volley, rattled against the big black doors. The gateman's rebuke only made the ringleaders more bold. They fell back when the foreigner appeared; but were at his heels, a howling mob, when the gates again closed behind him. The rabble rushed to the point, restraint was thrown to the winds. A riot was on in earnest.

Into the blackness of the night, two men, strangers, homeless in a strange, inhospitable land, fled with their heroic wives and hushed little ones. Then and for hours afterwards, as hiding from street to street they sought their way to our W.M.S. home, they heard afar the frenzied shouting, and saw the flames pierce high into the darkness as church, and hospital, and homes,

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and goods, and gifts, and many a treasured heirloom from half round the world became fuel for the fires. Next day saw the mob's return to its work of destruction till every building of every mission in the city, Protestant and Catholic alike, was in ruins, and the foreigners, irrespective of sex or creed, huddled together in a few low outer rooms of one of the official yamens.

Such was Liu Tsi Chuin's first introduction to the foreigner, for he was in the thick of the fray on the first night, and followed on next day as one by one the missionary families fled, and the buildings were looted and burned. It was a full decade before he came in touch with them again and then—how changed the circumstances!

Liu Tsi Chuin was of good family. His name, Tsi Chuin, "Be princely," would give a hint, at least, of his parents' goodness of heart. His father was the trusted treasurer of a district magistrate not far from Chengtu. Alas, when Liu was but a child of three the father died. Shortly after, his little sister also died, and Liu and the little widowed mother were left alone. His father, however, had been a man of thrift, so that even after the exorbitant funeral ceremonies were over, enough was left to buy a neat little home on the Great Well Corner in the provincial capital, and even some over to be invested for interest. Little Liu was sent to school. He had friends of his father in official circles. That would mean influence in the days to come, and that position, promotion, power, so hope was high in the little household.

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At the age of thirteen a change came in Liu's life. A relative, of whom there are ever plenty in Chinese families, had persuaded the little widow that mints of money might be made by embarking in business. After much persuasion, she yielded. Was not the interest small? And would not her boy need more as he grew older? And was she not ambitious for him? The sums loaned were called in, and the little home mortgaged.

Soon a great double shop displayed a new and euphonious name. Big lanterns swung below the eaves. Long boards with letters of gold told of the virtues of the place, while within hams swung from the ceilings, various confections covered the counters and long strings of tobacco lined the shop front close by the street. For five years business went on briskly. By degrees, however, other relatives and friends attached themselves till "the money failed to fill the mouths," and, in brief, business failed and had to be abandoned. Another venture was made in the then flourishing opium trade, but their capital was limited and larger firms outsold them.

Liu was now a youth of twenty. With the little capital left he tried running a sox shop. Alas, in his last venture he had lost more than money. He had lost manhood as well. His countrymen have a proverb, "You can't work in a dye shop and keep your clothes unstained." Liu had himself fallen a victim to the opium he sold to others.

The record of his ruin is the old story of China's sorrow after that. Sucking his pipe, sleeping, sliding



The evangelist and his family.

Liu Tsi Chuin

about stealthily from spot to spot, seeking relief from the fiend which haunted him by day and by night, he had little time for business, his thoughts were busy with baubles, trade fell off, goods disappeared, his last cash left him, and despair and destruction followed fast. It was during those days that he found himself one of the throng of thoughtless and rowdies, assembled for plum throwing. The sacking of the missions was but a new excitement with a possible gain to all, and what could it matter anyhow to frighten away a few foreigners whom nobody wanted? But that story we have told.

Liu had married meantime. A little daughter had come to his home. Then later his wife died. He left the city and sought employment with his father's former official friend. The latter gave him a small position as messenger. But official life is precarious. His benefactor lost his position, and Liu was once more down and out. He wandered back to the capital and to his child.

* * * * *

No one visits Chengtu who does not find his way some time or many times, if he has the opportunity, to the Great East Street at night. By day it is filled with busy buyers at the great silk, tea and porcelain shops, but by night it is more animated still. When the great shops close their shutters at sundown, the curbstones are immediately pre-empted by swarms of junk dealers, curio sellers, vendors of fans, needles, chopsticks, pictures, rare old bronzes, ink slabs and vases.

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Here, too, are diviners, fortune-tellers and fakirs. It is the bazaar of the capital, once seen not to be forgotten, with its twinkling candles stretching far away, its lines of squatting vendors, its hum of busy voices, its clattering, chattering, crowding thousands who throng the thoroughfare. There with his little store of stuff about him, Liu might be found each night. The day he spent picking up a few curios from house to house, when not too busy with his pipe.

One day he rambled again along the street where in former days he, with the rabble, had wrought such ruin to the cause of missions. The church, a new and larger one since those days, stood open. Numbers of people were crowding in, so he, with an uncle and two friends, sons of his former official patron, joined the stream. They listened half curiously, half carelessly, to the prayers and singing, all so strange to them. Something in the sermon, however, brought Liu to attention. The speaker said that this God of love could so fill and thrill a man with His Spirit that even the passion for opium could no longer hold him. Could it be possible?

Liu was no willing victim to the habit. He had tried all kinds of pills and strange concoctions guaranteed to cure, or recommended by friends. He had fought by his own will power till that became so weak he scarce struggled longer. But here was a new thought from the truth-telling foreigner, and a new hope. Perhaps this foreign God could help. So at invitation he, with his companions, waited for the after meeting, where all are welcomed who have questions or seek further light.

Liu Tsi Chuin

He became even more interested and came again and again, bringing his friends with him. Then the ancestral tablet fell down in the official home one night. The two sons took it as a sign that their ancestors were angry with their worship of the foreign God, so they came no more. A month later a storm burst over the city. The thunder, a somewhat rare thing on the Chengtu plain, so frightened the uncle that he, too, never returned to the church.

But Liu was not to be balked in his search. He met others among the members who had been helped by the foreign pastors and doctors, and he was determined to be free. The rest of the story is readily told. It is the story of an ever-increasing number of New China's sons. Foreign medicine, earnest counsel from his pastor, daily reading of the Word which is Spirit and which is Life, prayer and service and the inflooding of the Spirit of God brought a new power and peace to a life which for long had struggled and suffered, and been all but slain through sin.

With health and hope and freedom came also a great longing that others might know the glad Gospel message. He took to selling books up and down the very streets where men knew him best. As he went he told his story in shops, at corners and in the homes of friends. Seeing his sincerity and ability, our mission soon sent him farther afield, till he traversed much of the northern district. Then he served for a time faithfully and effectively in Kiating and Chin Ien. He has now been a year at college as a probationer. His little daughter is a promising pupil in our girls' school. He

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himself married recently a beautiful young woman, rescued and reared by our Chengtu orphanage, and they to-day are together laboring earnestly for the coming of His Kingdom. Thus Liu Tsi Chuin is realizing in a way his father never dreamed the hope of the "Princely man," for the greater Father had need of him.

Where Do You Live?

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner—
Grumble Corner, in Crosspatch Town;
And he never was seen without a frown;
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night,
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And, if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.

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No matter how hard his wife might try
'To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner,
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner."

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather and pouring rain,
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so one day
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so!"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl,
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved—'twas a change complete—
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!"

Where Do You Live?

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

A Bible for a Pistol

A True Story

"See, mother, see what I have brought you!" exclaimed a young Brazilian, holding up to view a well-bound, gilt-edged book. "Antonio Marques told me that the priest ordered him to burn it, but he did not like to destroy so good a book, and was afraid to displease the priest by keeping it, so I offered to trade my old double-barreled pistol for it. I thought you might like to have the book, for they say it is all about religion, and you are so religious. It might be of some use when you go to repeat your prayers for people who are dying."

The mother took the book from her son's hands, and slowly reading the title, "A Santa Biblia," said: "Ah! this is good; this the 'Rule of Life,' I am glad to have it." Then beginning at the first of Genesis, she glanced over several chapters until she reached the tenth. "Yes, you are right, my son; here is just the kind of prayer I want. Here is a long list of names, and as they are all in the Bible, they must all be of saints, and some of them will surely help the poor creatures."

The youth frequently found his mother with the book before her when he came in from his work, and had he taken the trouble to look over her shoulder he

A Bible for a Pistol

would have found her always reading the tenth chapter of Genesis.

The woman, who had the fame of knowing by heart a great many prayers, was often sent for to go even long distances to repeat them for the hope and comfort of the dying; and she was faithfully trying to master the long names, so as to say them off glibly to serve as a prayer.

One day, as they sat taking their noon-day coffee, a messenger came from a neighboring plantation, begging her to go at once to see a young girl who was very ill. With book in hand, she set out, and arriving at the house a sad, though to her not unusual, sight met her eyes. A girl of about fifteen lay upon the bed, her beautiful black eyes looking strangely bright in contrast with the pale features. The parents and sisters, instead of caring for her, were wringing their hands and wildly crying out, "She is dying! She is dying!" The sick girl feebly stretched out a wasted hand, gasping: "They say that I am dying; teach me quickly how to die; tell me, what must I do?" The old woman gently took her hand and in a soothing voice said: "Don't be nervous, dear; if you will repeat after me the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, the prayer to St. Joseph and the rest, and then a new prayer that I have learned from this good book, you need not be afraid."

A sight never to be forgotten by one who knows that there is but the one "name under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved," was this death-bed scene. The old woman, in clear tones, rapidly repeated

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among other things, "Shem, Ham, Japheth, Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javan," and so on through the long list. The dying girl vainly tried to follow her as her voice grew fainter and fainter, for she was, with all her failing strength, clinging to this false hope as she passed out into eternity.

Some years later, the young man who had gotten the Bible in such a curious way, married and left the old house to live at the wife's homestead. One evening, as the old father sat in his usual place reading, the husband said: "Aninha, what is that book your father is always reading?"

"That," she replied, "is the Bible. He often tells me about what he reads, and it is very interesting. I wish I could read it for myself; but it is a French book, and I can read only Portuguese."

"If it is called the 'Holy Bible,'" said he, "then my mother has it in Portuguese, for I gave it to her long ago. I never read it myself, but she used to learn things out of it for prayers. They never sounded very interesting to me."

"Could you get it for me, Jose?" she asked.

"Yes; I will go over and ask mother for it tomorrow," promised he.

When the wife got the Bible, she carried it to her father, who was much pleased to find this favorite book in his native tongue, and, opening it at the New Testament, he began to read aloud. The young couple listened and soon grew so interested that they begged him to go on, till they kept him reading late into the night. Deeply touched by the "old, old story of Jesus

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and His love," they began to read for themselves. Soon they learned that pardon and peace had already been purchased for them, and that what God required of them was not penances and a bondage to fear through life, and masses and the agonies of purgatory after death, but child-like faith and loving obedience—that godliness which gives promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.

The son's first wish was to have his mother learn the good news, so he carried back the Bible, saying: "Why, mother, you never got the best out of this book! You only looked for something to die by, and it is full of good words to live by as well. Let me read you some."

"No, my son," responded she, "I got what I wanted out of the book, and that is enough for me. I do not care to look for more."

"But, mother," pleaded he, "you would be so much happier if you knew the true way to live and to die."

"Hush, Jose," said the mother, indignantly. "Do you dare to hint that I, who have taught so many how to die, do not know how myself? Let me alone, and do not trouble me any more about the book."

The man went back to his wife troubled and disappointed. The more they studied the book, however, the better they understood that it was God's Spirit who had opened their eyes, and to Him they must look to perform the same miracle upon their mother, that blind one leading the blind, and for this they are still daily watching and praying.—*Selected.*

The Giving Alphabet

All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. iii. 10.

Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.—1 Tim. vi. 17, 18.

Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—Gal. vi. 10.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly or of necessity.—2 Cor. ix. 7.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. x. 8.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. ix. 7.

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. iii. 12.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—2 Cor. viii. 12.

Jesus said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.
—Acts xx. 35.

The Giving Alphabet

Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.—Eph. vi. 8.

Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.—Matt. vi. 19, 20.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.—1 John iii. 18.

Now concerning the collection for the saints . . . upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2.

Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.—Gen. xxviii. 22.

Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.—Luke xii. 33.

Quench not the Spirit.—1 Thess. v. 19.

Render unto God the things that are God's.—Matt. xxii. 21.

See that ye abound in this grace also.—2 Cor. viii. 7.

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Hag. ii. 8.

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Luke xii. 48.

Vow and pay unto the Lord your God.—Ps. lxxvi. 11.

"They're a Multitooode"

Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?—1 John iii. 17.

'Xcept your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. v. 20.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.
—2 Cor. viii. 9.

Zealous of good works.—Titus ii. 15.

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